



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

thoroughly recommend for its good rooms, abundant and good living, and general splurge and effervescence of the French language, is one kept in Avenue Saint-Mandé, by Madame Boulanger, and inhabited principally by wealthy French widows, whose conversation, however, unfortunately, like all French converse, is apt to take on a somewhat Rabelaisian tinge in the freedom of social intercourse. This "pension de famille" is so far away from the studios that, while enjoying superior advantages of fresh air and a quiet garden, it is accessible from the city only by means of a street railway. There are others, however, of the same class always to be heard of by advertising in the Figaro.

Many ladies avail themselves of a "maison meublée," or furnished hotel, in their quest for economy. In these houses rooms rent for forty-five francs a month and upward. Some of them are highly respectable, but for a stranger it would be difficult to discriminate between such and one of the many that are frequently used for the temporary camping-ground of those illegal and ephemeral ménages which have a habit of dissolving at most inappropriate seasons and of airing the causes of their dissolution loudly in the corridor and on the landings. Those "maisons meublées" on the left bank of the Seine, the side of the renowned Quartier Latin, are ever to be avoided by any one with a repugnance—as all American women have—to the preternaturally pallid creatures with vivid pomegranate lips, brows matted with raven or golden hair, and miraculously black-lashed eyes, who wind up and down their stairs. But on the other side of the river, upon the heights of Montmartre, there is one much affected by American and English women artists. It is a gloomy place, with doors like coffin-lids, with grim upholstery, sullen carpets, and windows looking upon a well-like court, or out upon a dingy street of cheap "crémeries," "cuisines bourgeoises," fruit-stalls, and petty cafés. Here have lived many generations of American students, some of them still in Paris, others now returned to our own country, students no more, but valiant fighters for the "true" or the "ideal," according to the banner under which they have enlisted in the artistic army. Among these may be named Walter Palmer, Dewing, Walter Francis Brown, poor Leland, killed by an accidental pistol-shot three years ago, Pearce, Blashfield, Walter Gay, a whole struggling, aspiring, achieving troop of Bonnat worshippers, to whom we may look with hope as possible masters of our anticipated New World Renaissance.

All about the region of this (Le Brun's) hotel on the Rue de Douai are restaurants and "crémeries" of varying pretensions and prices. The majority of students, perhaps, patronize those where they can "dine and wine" for about fifty cents, although strange stories are told by some of them of mysterious places where sybaritic fare and sumptuousness may be found for a franc a meal. It is enough to know that roast hare is one of the chief delicacies of these renowned but, to women, ever mysterious and invisible establishments, and to remember the generic likeness between costly hare and inexpensive cat. In times of stress and siege, when pictures linger long unsold and no remittances cross the sea, there is this difference between the man and the woman student in a "maison meublée." He hies him unto Sybaris and dines on roast hare (?) while she lights her spirit lamp on the corner of her dressing-table, boils a couple of eggs, which she eats out of her toilet-tumbler, or a cup of chocolate which she cools in her shiningly-scoured soap dish and drinks with condensed milk and excellent French bread. The

roast hare (?) costs him twenty cents; her decidedly more decent and reputable repast costs her perhaps ten, and therein is one of the few advantages her sex have over his in wrestling with adversity.

MARGARET BERTHA WRIGHT.

"DECEIVED."

THE picture on page 70—"Deceived"—is from a drawing by a rising young French artist, Georges St. Lanne, after his painting in the recent Bordeaux Exposition of the Society of the Friends of Art. The girlish creature who rests her hand upon the chair for support has evidently been rudely awakened from a dream of love and happiness. The wraps thrown upon the chair, the envelope on the table, and the letter that has fluttered to the floor, show that she has just returned home, only to be smitten by a cold farewell message from the de-



"THE HUGUENOT SOLDIER." BY VICTOR NEHLIG.

FACSIMILE OF AN UNPUBLISHED ETCHING CONTRIBUTED TO THE ART AMATEUR BY THE ARTIST.

parted deceiver. Her hurried glance through the window, in a vague hope to discover his retreating form, proves but too clearly that he has indeed vanished from her horizon, and she sinks back against the wall still mechanically clutching the curtain and gazing before her with a fixed look of surprise and despair. Few pictures composed of such simple elements are so full of suggestion or provocative of sympathy as this work of an artist of whom we may reasonably hope to hear more in the future.

Two important additions have lately been made to the pictures of Mr. Schaus' gallery, that dealer having bought at the recent sale of M. Faure's collection in Paris "Les Gaulois" (43 x 51) by Corot, for which, according to a marked catalogue, he paid 13,100 francs, and "A Marsh in the Lower Pyrenees" (28 x 39) by Dupré—a very charming work, which M. Faure appreciatively christened "The Symphony."

VICTOR NEHLIG.

THAT able artist and genial companion, Victor Nehlig, has returned to New York, where he has opened a fine studio at the top of his residence in Seventeenth Street, just off Union Square. About fifteen years ago the incident of the fire in Mr. Nehlig's premises was heard with regret and almost with consternation in American art circles, where it is still remembered as the most disastrous event of that kind since our art had a history. By that conflagration, studies, finished works, pictures just painted to order, and one of the richest collections of virtu then in the country was burned, to the amount of twenty thousand dollars; the last term of the insurance was overdue, and the company refused any compensation, so that the loss was complete. Mr. Nehlig, almost broken with such a crushing blow, has since been living in the West and in Philadelphia; his return to New York will reintegrate him into the current of art ideas and practice here, and his old friends will welcome one of the most facile and brilliant pencils that ever introduced the talent of the French studio to American shores. Mr. Nehlig paints with an opulence and a brilliancy only excelled in modern art by men like Diaz and Monticelli; those of his works which particularly meet our fancy are the scenes of crowded splendor—celebrations and festivals, all costume and glitter in a bath of golden air—in which he resembles and frequently equals the glorious old painter Isabey, still living and producing in Paris. In the Seventeenth Street studio, still splendid with remaining glories of Louis Quinze furniture, Turkish weapons, suits of armor, and Indian embroideries, are to be seen several little or larger canvases which have all the Isabey charm and poetic confusion. One scene of a palace courtyard, with guests descending for a festival, and pages and musicians placed obediently around, is particularly luscious and suggestive. Larger and distincter ones are "Salvator among the Brigands" and "Pocahontas saving Smith." Mr. Nehlig has illustrated the courtship scene of Hiawatha and Minnehaha, and other scenes of Indian and Western legend. His "Battlefield at Night" is in the Philadelphia Academy. A master of the principles of decoration, a colorist occasionally of voluptuous sweetness, Mr. Nehlig has only needed a serene life and a respite from the blows of fate to be a recognized leader in American art.

A DEVICE FOR RAPID SKETCHING IN OIL.

MR. HAMERTON, editor of The Portfolio, has hit upon an ingenious process for rapid sketching in oil from nature, which is described in that magazine as follows: "After dead-coloring the subject with rather thick opaque pigments, as if in preparation for a picture, Mr. Hamerton takes a sheet of the thinnest 'moist' gossamer paper manufactured by Messrs. Field and Tuer for manifold writing, and lays it upon the sketch, flattening it gently with the finger. The gossamer paper is so transparent that the whole of the dead-coloring shows through it perfectly, and the sketch may be proceeded with at once (as if the dead-coloring were already quite dry, and finished in a single sitting. This process is really more rapid than water-color, as there is no occasion to wait even the length of time necessary for the drying of a wash. It is necessary to bathe the gossamer paper in turpentine for a short time before applying it, to prevent subsequent cockling, which would occur otherwise from the absorption of oil from the dead-coloring. When the second painting is dry a

coat of varnish removes the very slight degree of opacity remaining in the paper, which becomes invisible, and would not be detected by any one not aware of the nature of the process. It is necessary to paint in the first instance upon a smooth and stiff surface, such as that of mill-board or panel. The process is particularly useful for skies with a few clouds, the sky itself being painted directly on the mill-board, and the clouds added at once on the surface of the gossamer paper. In landscape all minute details can be easily added upon the paper. It has been found convenient to glaze at once with transparent color in varnish on the surface of the gossamer paper, and add details and corrections at once upon the glaze in opaque color. This gives practically the effect of three paintings without waiting at all for drying."

American Art Galleries.*

VI.

COLLECTION OF D. O. MILLS, ESQ.

WHEN the railway landed me, after a short spurt from San Francisco, at Mr. Mills's delicious country-seat of Millbrae, I had the illusion, for the very first time since leaving Naples, that the place was Italian, and the air really such as that which sponges with its vapors the coast around Sorrento and Capri. The swimming view of San Francisco Bay had all the soft, blotted character of the views in the Gulf of Naples; the semi-tropical look of the scene was made perfect by the yucca-palms which lifted their dainty feathers in every direction about the grounds, by the aloes growing in horny clumps or in hedges, and by the native bog-oak of California, the dense round tops of which imitate well enough the Italian ilex, and which, as the only native tree thereabout, is carefully preserved by those citizens on whose estates it is naturally found, for the purpose of giving something of the look of a wild forest demesne. Only the reckless lavishness of the flower-beds, tumbling over upon the grass their glittering jeweller's-trays, as well as the well-kept state of the sedulously-watered turf, contradicted the impression; this splendor of neatness was hardly characteristic of the tarnished dignity of an Italian "podere"; but inside the villa again, the walls hung with stately pictures restored the old world impression, and instead of seeing a raw country like California, mostly bare of art the eye seemed to gather around itself again the ineffable comfort of Italian civilization.

The principal ornament of the gallery is considered to be Gérôme's "Cleopatra before Cæsar." It is a large and imposing picture, by no means in Gérôme's best style, but studious and sapient, like all his work, and striking from its size. The principal figures are about half the height of nature, and the composition extends itself upward and backward into giddy recesses among the Egyptian cornices and capitals. I have always thought that Gérôme found one of his true inspirations when he designed the figure of the queen, especially in the nonchalance with which she leans upon the shoulder of the crouching slave, as upon a table or shelf, keeping him rigidly in the painfulest attitude with the weight of her royal finger, maintaining her own risky balance by her confidence in this support, and carelessly aware that unless she releases him her chatel will not stir. This insolence is so right, so Eastern, so tropical, and so luckily invented! The figure of the queen is rather realistic than ideal—I have happened to draw from the same hired model in Paris, and know certainly the extreme accuracy of the master's study. The "brune" complexion, the way in which the dark hair grows, the sturdy thickness of the neck, and the sudden smallness of the "attaches," are all characteristic and literal, and so far as that goes, modern. The face, though carefully kept from being beautiful overmuch, is a plain French profile reduced to its simplest expression, and not at all imitated from the aquiline type of Cleopatra's coins. Yet it is in this face, which seems to me so warily cleared of excessive feeling, and in that particular so neatly "Egyptified," that Robert Browning finds such a wealth of suggestiveness. He, by-the-bye, is the first English poet whom I remember to have cordially praised a French work of art. As

different in spirit as possible from Tennyson, from his sneer at "art with poisonous honey stolen from France," Mr. Browning pays a warm tribute to this picture, doubtless on exhibition at Gambart's at the time "Fifine" was written. He threads together, like distinct and shining beads, a half-score of brilliant verses, in which the painting is completely netted and captured. The whole spirit of the thing is there.

"See Cleopatra! bared, th' entire and sinuous wealth
O' the shining shape!"

So he lingers and dwells on the figure as if he could model it, speaking of it as "traced about by jewels which outline" it, and estimating its posture from head to foot, until, at the close of his description, he leaps to a shrewder appreciation, and catches the animating spirit.

"Yet, o'er that white and wonder, a Soul's predominance
I' the head so high and haught—except one thievish glance
From back of oblong eye, intent to count the slain!"

That is very truly the expression of the girl-queen's almond eye-ball in the picture, turned upon Cæsar, quietly melting over him and covering him. You feel that for a mere masculine Roman, escape is impossible. The triumvir, dictating in the background to four scribes, lifts his hand in almost absurd surprise. The secretaries are sturdy, round-poll'd Romans in white dresses. Cæsar's wooden chair, table, and writing furniture look like camp-apparatus, hastily bivouacking in the stately, painted Alexandrian palace of the Ptolemies. This is the largest finished picture of the artist that I know of. It is curious what a distinct, final, convincing impression it makes on the literary or historic sense, while the artistic sense is far from satisfied. The textures are all smooth and all alike, the sense of atmosphere is wanting, the picture is not a work of quality. Yet the pose of the group, with the half-nude, tightly-strapped Egyptian figure of Cleopatra balanced on its forefinger upon the muscular bronze shoulder of Apollodoros, like the lid of a trap on its spring, hits the moral character of the situation so justly that the picture is unforgettable. We have seen how Browning accepts it, driving past the artistic conception directly to the philosophic conception. And so statuesque is the group in its arrangement that the sculptors of two nations, French and Italian, have modelled its motive. Not only do we see the French bronze of it in every clockmaker's window, but Enrico Braga, of Milan, has copied it in marble, as was seen at the Centennial Exposition. Such plagiarisms are a truly sincere form of flattery. This large picture was prepared for a particular occasion and to decorate a particular place. When Madame de Paiva, one of the rich "mondaines," not to say "demi-mondaines," of Paris, was preparing her magnificent hôtel, she caused this subject to be painted by Gérôme on a light silk screen, to be raised and lowered between a couple of columns for the purpose of separating a long drawing-room into two chambers. Either because it did not succeed as a transparency, or for some other caprice, the lovely owner was dissatisfied, and Gérôme's father-in-law, Goupil, took the picture off her hands and sold it, backed with stouter cloth, to the California millionaire.

By a Hungarian pupil of the Munich professor, Piloty, Herr Benczur, of Pesth, is the elaborate picture of "Louis XVI. and the Royal Family, during the Assault at Versailles." In one of the apartments of the palace, the doomed group, like one of the fated families seen in ordinary pictures of the Deluge, are indistinctly huddled. Over the rocking crowd is seen rising the fine Austrian head of Maria Teresa's daughter, painted with sympathy by an Austrian subject, and dominating the group with the expression of pride in the midst of terror. The king, sitting in a dressing-gown beside the disordered royal bed, revolves within his corrugated brow the doom of the long line of Capet. Madame Elizabeth, the Dauphiness, and the little weeping Dauphin, with a silken tumult of ladies, cast themselves purposelessly against the inefficient figure of the king, while in the distance, at a brilliant doorway painted by Boucher, we see a handful of chevaliers holding the portal against the insurgents, whose spears already pierce the frail panels. The picture is rather pompous and gaudy, in the spirit of the old-fashioned official art, now a little out of date. It is grouped like a fifth-act tableau, and decorated with the richest stuffs. There were touches of nature in Ristori's Marie Antoinette that we look for here in vain. But conscience, ability, opulence of style, abundantly mark the picture.

By another pupil of Piloty, the American, David

Neal, there is one more effort at reconstructing history in the sumptuous theatrical style. The scene is "The First Meeting of Rizzio and Mary Queen of Scots." Here the Rizzio, instead of looking like the little deformed Savoyard secretary he was, is of full-blown troubadour type, a lovely dark-haired youth asleep over a mandolin in a palace vestibule. Mary, descending the stairs with her ladies, checks herself with finger on lip, lest the slumber of her Endymion should be disturbed. Here, not to speak of stage tragedy, we positively have the sentiment of the stage ballet. In a moment we expect Rizzio to arise and soar about on one toe, with Mary leaning back over his hand with a hinge in her spine, like the first dancer of a royal theatre. The reconstruction of history is too gross, the libretto is too incurably stagey. Yet the picture, considered as a decoration, is one of the most elaborate, varied, ornamented, skilful and, in an art sense, successful compositions hitherto achieved by a countryman of ours. For those who like to hear the story of Mary Stuart sung in falsetto, it ought to be very satisfactory. It is said—this is studio rumor, and not knowledge at first-hand—that Mr. Neal is a young painter, strictly in leading strings; that he composes his pictures humbly by the advice of Piloty, under the eye of Piloty, with the inspiration of Piloty, and in fact all around the backbone and nervous cord of Piloty; that if the presence of Piloty were withdrawn, Mr. Neal would, in a painting sense, fall all to pieces. Let us hope it is not so, and that Mr. Neal will soon return to his native country and demonstrate by improved original works his independence of every and any body's guidance.

A group of truly valuable pictures succeeds these elaborately-arranged mechanisms. Mr. Mills has been well advised in collecting a cluster of sincere, pure, unsensational works, efforts after real painting quality, which will hold their own after the dramatic effect of artifice-pictures is exhausted, and by which finally a collection must always be judged.

Among these I would place Couture's "Pierrot and Harlequin Reading the Moniteur." To arrange the works of Couture under the head of works of "style," would seem arbitrary to a purist of our day, and would be declared impossible by Bonnat or by Leibl. But these judgments are, after all, transitory, and we may look for artistic opinion, now so strongly committed toward realism, to veer presently. Couture gathered himself in among the painters of "style," not by his ability to depict flesh, not by the purity of his types or the accuracy of his drawing, but by his originality as a fabulist. In a day when all allegory, all lesson-teaching in art was discarded by the heads of the profession, declared to be priggish, and left to the prigs, Couture floated upon the scene with a cloud of most graceful, most original, most pointed fables, as novel in manner, for our day, as the keenness of La Fontaine was novel for his day. Every canvas left by Couture, from his "Décadence" to his "Pierrot" pictures, involves a moral and an epigram, always delivered with this refreshing fineness and surprise of manner. They make all our other allegory-painters seem lumbering. The Pierrot subjects belong to a series invented when Couture was much interested in some lawsuits undergone by his friend Barbedienne, the bronze founder, and the arranger just now at the Palais de l'Industrie of a posthumous exhibition of two hundred of Couture's works, including the "Décadence Romaine." To that display few pictures would be more welcome than this California specimen. But the Pierrot subjects should, after all, be judged as a series. In one, Pierrot is tried at the bar, before a judge fast asleep, and defended by Harlequin in lawyer's gown. In another, a blatant attorney hurries to court, in a perfect balloon of flying robes, imitated by a turkey-cock who struts beside him, and followed by a crowd of downy chickens, his clients. In the present example, the satire is more political; it is needless to describe for the admirers of Couture the refinement of ennui imprinted on the chalk-white face of poor Pierrot, or the variegated sympathies of Harlequin, as they try to follow the weather-cock changes of the imperial organ, the "Moniteur Universel." Nor are the strict art qualities lost in the satire, for the group is clear, limpid, and tender, the grays and reflected lights on Pierrot's linen suit are exquisite; while his poor, boyish face, born to tumble into every trap and to be perpetually gay and frustrated (outwitting the police of the world, meanwhile, by a perpetual irony amid defeat) is a conception worthy to set beside that of the fool in Lear.

* Copyright reserved by the author.